

The Lone Wolf and the Hermit

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The Lone Wolf and the Hermit

by [SilverWing15](#)

Summary

“Grian?” someone asks, and another guy pokes his head around the corner. He’s got a fuckign moustache, like, a stereotypical handlebar moustache. Tommy didn’t think that was a thing that people actually did. “What’s with the hole?”

“Mumbo!” the avian guy--Grian?--says, “is this your wolf?”

Motherfucker.

The moustache guy, Mumbo--what kind of fucking name is that?--looks at Tommy. “Uh, no? Why do you have a wolf in a hole?”

“Well someone’s been stealing my chickens,” Grian says, “so I set a trap, but the only thing I caught was this guy here.”

“Huh, well it wasn’t me. Maybe it was the wolf?”

“They were opening the coop,” Grian says, “I’ve never seen a wolf do that, have you?”

“Well,” the moustache guy says, putting a hand to his chin, “no. But I haven’t seen anyone come over here but you either.”

In unison they both turn to him.

Fucking hell.

OR: Hermit Tommy AU but due to an Unfortunate Oops in the travel between worlds Tommy is now stuck as a wolf

Notes

This is probably a bit scuffed tbh. I've watched like Grian's season seven of Hermitcraft and a few Mumbojumbo and Scar episodes but that is the Sum Total of my hermitcraft knowledge. This was mostly written just for funzies and there is a lot of shit ignored or completely forgotten for the sake of Plot Convenience. ͇_('ʘ)_/͇

Like the tags say, this is crack for the most part. But occasionally I will interrupt the Soft Vibes and Fun Times to smack you guys with the Angst Stick. Just to keep things interesting :)

warning for swearing. So Much Swearing.

Chapter 1

If there's one thing Tommy has learned over the past three weeks, its to get whatever food you can, while you can. You never know when another chance will come.

Which is why he's doing something so stupidly risky.

He slinks on quiet paws around the perimeter of the clearing. The thick jungle keeps him hidden for now, but once he steps out there he'll be completely visible.

This is the closest he's dared come to the players in his entire time here. At first, he hadn't even realized that he was on a different world. He'd woken up surrounded by trees and trapped in the body of a fucking *wolf*. He'd traveled for a long time, trying to find a way to fix it, trying to find a landmark so that he could at least find somewhere familiar.

There was no L'manberg, there was no Logstead, there was instead, *massive*, monolithic bases dotted all over the map. Just one of them is bigger than all of L'manberg. Tommy may not be the most observant guy, but he thinks that he'd have noticed one of these hanging around.

He's seen the players themselves, too. From a distance. He's not risking getting close to the fuckers. Not that it matters how close he wants to get to them because he can't fucking fly. *They* however, apparently *can*.

They're not avians like Phil, there are a couple different types of hybrid but there's only one of them he's seen that's an actual avian. The rest have these strange glider things strapped to their backs.

The massive bases all seem to be occupied, but this little one, carved into a hill in the jungle he's been watching for awhile. Nobody's come in or out for the whole time. He's pretty sure its been abandoned.

He has no idea what the hell happened to the person who lived here, things seem relatively peaceful. He doesn't particularly care either. All he cares about is if they left shit behind.

He doesn't have, you know, *hands*, so his options are limited. Tools and armor are useless. But food, food is something he could definitely use.

Other wolves seem to know that there's something up with him. They don't let him come anywhere near them. He's gotten a good injury or two from pushing his limits with that, so scavenging from their kills is out.

Hunting for himself is...theoretically possible. But Tommy was taught to hunt with a bow and arrow, not teeth and claws. There is a minor difference in how hunting works with those two things.

Tommy has long given up on being grossed out by raw meat. Its been nearly a month. Despite how apathetic he was to food in Logstead, here it feels like he is constantly *starving*.

He's given up on dignity and cooking. He can't start a fire anyway. He's perfectly willing to eat raw rabbit if he could just *catch a rabbit*. But the little shits are too fast and always seem to see him

coming.

But food in chests will not run away.

He sniffs at the air, he's still pretty bad with deciphering scents and their age, but there's nothing that smells *weird*. His ears twitch, but there is no sound aside from the rustle of jungle leaves and the patter of creatures in the underbrush.

Carefully, he steps into the clearing.

Nothing happens.

He takes another step. Another.

His paws carry him across the clearing and nothing jumps out to try and kill him, no traps go off, no players show up brandishing weapons. He noses open the door. It creaks on old hinges, the interior of the base is dark and dusty. There are a few sets of footprints in the dust, but even those have their own lighter layer of dust in them. They're old.

His tail wags and he lets himself into the base. He could live here, even. If nobody's been here in forever its free real estate. There's a bed tucked into an alcove that still has blankets and everything on it.

He isn't sure if the magic will register him, since he's a wolf and not a player, but he definitely intends to sleep on there. Hopefully it'll give him a respawn.

Sleep isn't what's important right now though. There is a faint scent of *food*. His stomach growls.

Tommy prowls through the empty base, there are chests lining the wall and he easily pinpoints the one with the scent of stale bread and dried meat. Getting it open is a significantly more difficult task.

The damn thing is latched so its not just a matter of nosing it open like the door. He paws at the latch, trying to shift it. His ears flick back and he makes a frustrated growl.

Thumbs, he wants goddamn thumbs. He never thought that he'd miss his fucking hands but here he is. A goddamn wolf in a goddamn jungle on a strange world, utterly defeated by a *simple fucking latch*. He bites at the wood, his teeth barely sink in. whoever made these chests actually did a good job of it. Instead of slapping them together like he does.

With a final snarl, Tommy stalks away from the chest. Maybe there's some easier food somewhere else in the base.

There's a really long tunnel at the back, he trots down the railway installed there and finds himself in *another* base. Or maybe its the same one? They're connected, but they're so far apart.

Either way, this one looks just as abandoned as the other, and the supplies in it are just as carefully locked away. Goddamn it.

Tommy snorts and heads back down the tunnel. Its getting late, what's one more night sleeping with an empty stomach?

He curls up on the bed and shuts his eyes. It feels like the sun is up again almost as soon as he manages to get some sleep. He groans, stretching his forelegs out in front of him and yawning widely.

He doesn't know if the magic will work, but he feels a little bit better now, knowing that he as a spawn. It makes him think that maybe he can take a few more risks.

He slips out of the abandoned base and heads through the jungle. There's a massive mansion on a mountain nearby, he bets that there's a far attached to that.

Domestic chickens will be easier to catch than the wild fowl he's been trying for. He bets the owner of the mansion won't even notice a couple going missing. He licks his lips, imagining the sizzle of fat over a fire, the smell of spices and meat.

Not that he'll cook it, or spice it. But food is food.

He hovers at the edge of the jungle, there's no cover but the pile of chests past this point. If he gets spotted, he doesn't know how the owner of the mansion will feel about a wolf hanging around. People tended not to mind wolves being in the area back home, but this isn't home.

He trots around the side of the mansion, and sure enough, there's a little farm set up back here. Some crops, a few cows and sheep, and most importantly, a coop of chickens.

He slinks closer. There's just a simple hatch keeping the birds safe. A normal wolf would have no chance of figuring it out. But Tommy is smarter than the average wolf.

He pulls up the handle and the hatch lifts on silent hinges.

The birds inside are panicking, squawking and flapping, pressing themselves against the far wall. He...feels bad for them. He knows how that feels, to be cornered, scared, knowing that his only chance it to run but there's nowhere for him to run *to* .

No. No. He's not going to *pity* the fucking *chickens* . He's hungry. He's *starving* . This is what they're *here* for. Eggs and meat.

He lunges.

He makes it quick. He grabs one chicken and backs out of the hutch. The blood is heavy on his tongue, coppery in his nose. He carries his prize to the jungle.

He sleeps with a full belly for the first time in months.

He lives like this for about a week. Slipping to the chicken coop when all of his other hunting efforts have failed. There are feral hogs in the jungle, but they have wicked tusks that he doesn't want to try and fight. There are birds, too, but they're able to fly and evade him.

He's starting to see why wolves are so easy to tame. He's about ready to follow anyone who hands out food for the rest of his life too. Not really, of course, he's not *dumb* . He's not getting any closer to the players than he already is.

The path to the chicken coop is familiar by now, he trots along it confidently. He hasn't seen the player who owns the mansion the entire time he's been coming here. Maybe they don't even bother with the farm anymore, they might have a better one somewhere else.

The chickens already know he's coming, he still feels a pang of pity for their helplessness, but he's got to eat. He pulls open the hatch.

And the ground drops out from underneath his paws.

He yelps as he falls into a pit, his teeth click together when he hits the ground. He lays there, stunned for a moment, and then leaps to his paws. There's no way to climb out. The hole is deep, and the drop is sheer.

Shit. shit, shit, shit. He whips around. He's stuck in a cell of sorts. There's bars at the far end of the little room. There's nothing else in here but a torch to keep the mobs from coming.

A whine creeps out of his throat.

Okay. Okay, he has to figure a way out of here. Before whoever set this trap finds him. His breath is coming in harsh pants. Is he having a panic attack? Can wolves have panic attacks?

He digs at the corner of the room, but its made of stone, not dirt. His claws do nothing.

He whines anxiously, pacing around the edges of the room. There has to be a way out. There has to be a way out.

He digs at the bars, hoping that he can get under them or pry them away from the wall. They're anchored solidly though. All he manages to do is catch his claw in them. He yelps as he yanks it away.

It stings to put weight on, now. Just great. Just perfect.

"Let me *out* you motherfuckers!" He shouts, but of course, it comes out as a howl, not as words. God damn it.

He paces, is this place getting smaller? It has to be, it was way bigger when he came down here right? Only there is no chug of pistons. Maybe they've got some weird ground moving magic or something. Maybe he's just panicking.

Something shuffles. He freezes, ears perked, injured paw raised. He can't smell shit, there's just blood from his paw. But he can hear footsteps. A voice.

Shit. Fuck. Fucking shit. No, no, no.

He spins around, there has to be a way out. There has to be a way out. There *has to be a way out*.

He tries jumping back up the hole, his claws catch in the stone for just a moment, and then he slips back down. Fuck.

He can hear someone digging. They're coming.

They're coming, they're coming, they're coming.

He has to get out of here.

He jumps again and just as quickly lands on the floor. Fuck that hurts.

Light.

Footsteps. He freezes, there is a player at the bars, torch in hand. Fuck.

“Nice try but--” the guy begins, then stops.

He’s staring at Tommy, and Tommy is staring back at him. Its the avian guy. Shit, is he going to die to avenge this fucker’s feathery brethren?

“Well hey there,” the avian guy says, “you’re not what I was expecting. How’d you get down here buddy?”

“Through your fucking *trap* , genius,” Tommy snaps, it comes out as a bark. He hates this so fucking much.

“Aww, its okay,” the guy coos. He fucking *coos* . Bitch. “Did you have a friend with you? Someone leave you behind? I don’t think you’re the one that’s been stealing my chickens.”

Ah. Shit.

So maybe he *did* notice the chickens going missing.

Not ideal.

How is he going to get out of this? He has to figure out a way to get away from this fucker, before he realizes that Tommy *is* the one who was stealing his chickens.

He paces to the far side of the cell, pawing hopelessly at the wall.

“Huh, no collar,” the guy says. Shit. Shit shit shit.

Tommy flinches as an explosion sounds outside. Oh fuck, oh shit. They’re under attack. There’s someone attacking them and he’s stuck in a goddamn pit. He tries to fling himself up the hole again.

“Its okay, its okay,” the guy says, “gosh you’re jumpy huh?”

“Fuck you!” Tommy growls, “you would be too if you weren’t a complete idiot. You’re gonna end up fucking dead at this rate bitch.”

More footsteps come from outside. God damn it.

Tommy presses himself into the shadows, hoping that maybe he can just be forgotten in the chaos of the upcoming fight.

“Grian?” someone asks, and another guy pokes his head around the corner. He’s got a fuckign moustache, like, a stereotypical handlebar moustache. Tommy didn’t think that was a thing that people actually *did* . “What’s with the hole?”

“Mumbo!” the avian guy--Grian?--says, “is this your wolf?”

Motherfucker.

The moustache guy, Mumbo--what kind of fucking name is that?--looks at Tommy. "Uh, no? Why do you have a wolf in a hole?"

"Well someone's been stealing my chickens," Grian says, "so I set a trap, but the only thing I caught was this guy here."

"Huh, well it wasn't me. Maybe it was the wolf?"

"They were opening the coop," Grian says, "I've never seen a wolf do that, have you?"

"Well," the moustache guy says, putting a hand to his chin, "no. But I haven't seen anyone come over here but you either."

In unison they both turn to him.

Fucking hell.

Tommy flicks a glance to the hole, wondering if its worth breaking his fucking leg trying to get out.

"I thought he might be someone's pet at first but he's not acting like it." Grian says, "he doesn't have a collar either. "

"So you *haven't* caught your chicken thief, but congratulations, you *have* caught a wild wolf." Mumbo laughs.

Giran sighs, "great, now I have to figure out what to *do* with it."

Shit. This is how he fucking dies isn't it? No way these fuckers bother letting him go, easier to just kill him. Shit, shit, shit. He presses himself back into the wall, like that will do him any fucking good.

"You don't want to keep him?" Mumbo asks.

What? What the fuck??

Shit. He is *not* going to be someone's fucking *pet* , least of all *this fucker's* .

Grian hums uncertainly, "he is kind of pretty, I've never seen a gold wolf before."

"Or one with blue eyes," Mumbo says.

"I just don't know if I'd have time to tame him," Grian says, "he's pretty wild, and I've got the barge and the mansion build, and a bunch of other stuff...Do you want him?"

God fucking damn it.

Moustache guy looks at him considering. Tommy resists the urge to growl at him. This might be the only way he gets out of here without just getting killed.

He *really* doesn't want to test if the bed works on wolves.

"Maybe," Mumbo says, "I'm not sure how the base would take having a wolf around."

What the fuck is that even supposed to *mean*?

Grian hums, “yeah. Could just let him go I guess.”

Oh holy shit, really? Are they really just going to let him go? Holy shit.

Tommy doesn’t want to get his hopes up, he’s learned better than that. Good things don’t happen to him, they just don’t.

Mumbo frowns, “did he hurt his paw? It looks like there’s some blood on the floor and he’s not putting weight on it.”

There it is. There’s the catch, there’s the little fuckup that’s going to start a whole fucking snowball of disaster. God damn it.

Grian hisses a breath in between his teeth, “oh no did he? I didn’t really give this place the softest landing and I think he’s been trying to get out. Poor guy. I hope he’s not hurt too bad.”

He isn’t, he’s fucking *fine* if they’d just let him the fuck *out of here* . He’s so fucking close to getting away with this. So fucking close to getting out of this fucking hole and then he’s *never* coming near civilization *ever a-fucking-gain* .

“Maybe you should give him a couple days, bring something for him to sleep on and get him some food. Just to make up for catching him,” Mumbo says, “who knows, maybe he’ll calm down some and you can tame him.”

Not fucking *likely* .

“Yeah,” Grian says, like the fucking *bastard* that he is. “I’ll shut the hole up top too so he quits trying to jump out that way, I don’t want him to get hurt worse.”

Fucking damn it. This is his life. He’s a wolf, he’s in some weird ass place where people can fly and build bases bigger than an entire fucking *city*. And he’s now stuck in a goddamn *hole* because some avian fucker is worried about a boo-boo on what he thinks is a *wild fucking wolf*.

“Don’t worry buddy, you’ll be in the lap of luxury for a bit, how’s that sound?” Grian asks.

This motherfucker.

Tommy growls at him.

“Yeah,” Grian says, laughing, “not sure he’s gonna tame down.”

“Me neither,” Mumbo says, “would be cool if he did though.”

“Mhm.”

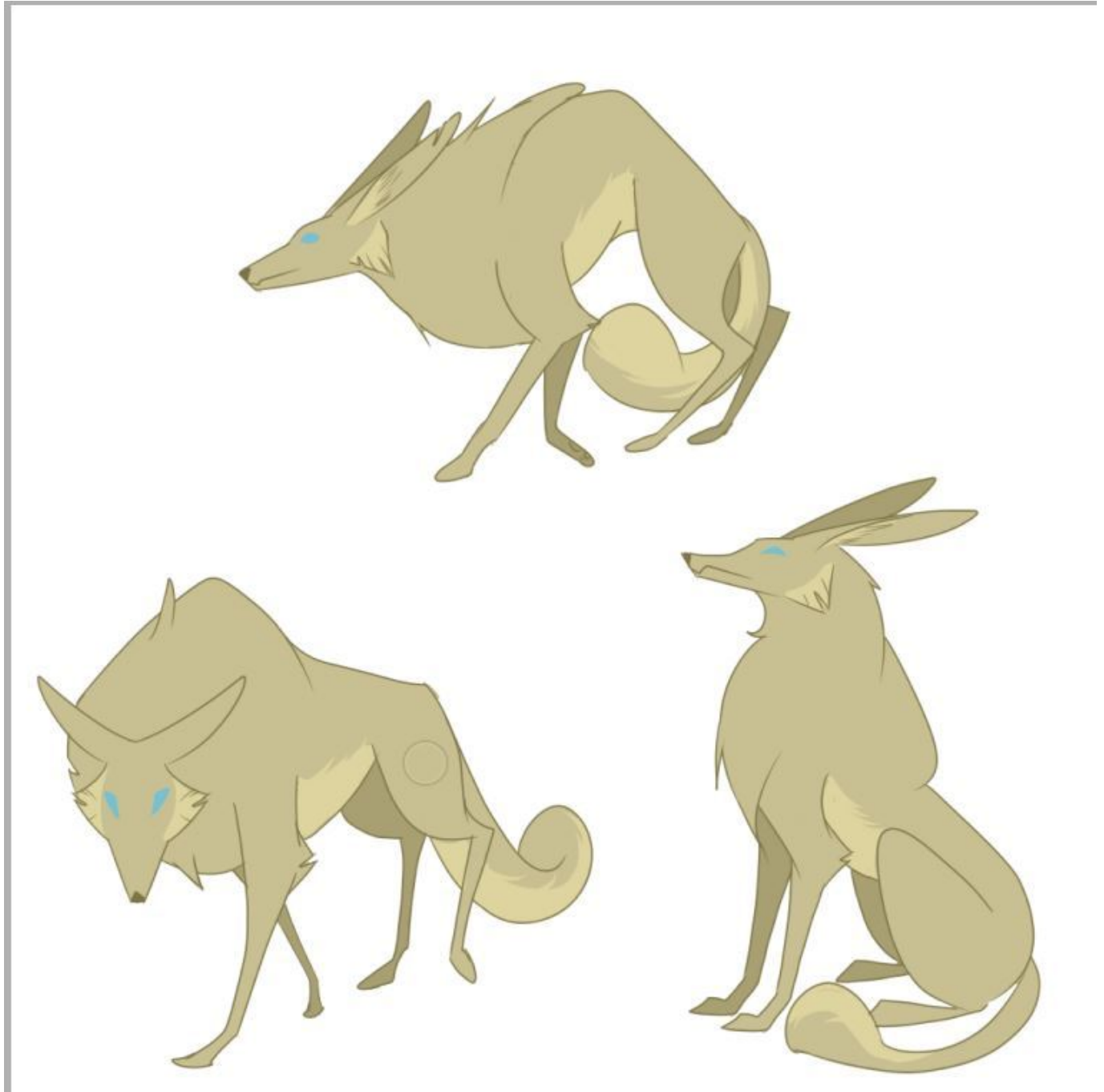
And then they fucking leave him in the goddamn hole. A few minutes later the patch of sunlight from the place he fell down from disappears.

God. Fucking. Damn. It.

Tommy paces around the cell. Okay, okay, he can work with this though. This Grian guy seems nice enough, he's not some weirdo who gets his giggles from killing animals like Sapnap. Tommy can take a few days of being trapped in here, and then he can fucking bolt once Grian lets him go.

He hopes.

One thing is for fucking sure, he's never touching another goddamn chicken in his life.



Chapter 2

If there's one thing Tommy has learned over the past two days, its that this Grian guy is a persistent motherfucker. He pops in and out of the hole every little bit, trying to get Tommy to warm up to him.

"I just want to be friends," he coos, "come on, I know you like mutton."

Tommy curls his lip. Grian may want to be friends, but Tommy fucking *doesn't*. Tubbo was his friend, Dream was his friend. Look where that got him. No, he's fucking *done* with friends.

"I'm not throwing it in this time," Grian says, "you have to come taaake it," he sing-songs the last bit, waving the strip of mutton through the bars. Tommy stays where he is.

Tommy doesn't know why he's fucking bothering, he said himself he didn't have *time* for this shit. But apparently he's decided that he can make time in his busy schedule to torment Tommy. Great. Perfect.

Grian shifts so he can reach a little further, "come on, you know you want it."

Tommy growls and looks away.

"Aww, you're stubborn," Grian says, "but I've been reliably informed that I can annoy *anyone* into submission. You may as well give up now."

Not fucking likely. Tommy shuts his eyes and pretends to be asleep.

"Alright," Grian says, "you've left me with no other choice," his voice is low and dangerous. Tommy tenses, waiting for him to come into the cage, waiting for him to draw his sword. Fuck, fuck he should have just taken the goddamn mutton.

Grian is going for something in his bag. Shit. shit, shit, shit, shit.

He pulls out a fucking chicken leg. Its cooked, spiced, even.

It smells so fucking good.

No. No he's not fucking falling for this shit.

A little whine comes out of his throat.

"Yeah," Grian says softly, "you know what I've got. I've got the good stuff. C'mere and you can have it."

Fuck.

No. no no no.

Grian lifts the leg to his mouth and takes a little bite. "Mmmm," he says, "its goood."

Fucker.

Tommy shifts, but he is *not* fucking going over there.

Grian pulls off a strip of meat and tosses it in. Just enough for a taste, barely even that much. Tommy lunges for it. It is good. Its so fucking good.

“More where that came from,” Grian sings, waving the chicken through the air.

This motherfucker.

Tommy licks his lips, trying to get every last speck of the taste. God fucking *damn it* . He creeps closer. Just a little.

“There ya go,” Grian coos, “I’m not so bad, see?” he pulls off a little more meat and tosses it.

If Dream could see him now he’d laugh himself sick.

No, if Dream could see him now he’d probably be jealous that he never got Tommy this desperate. He would have loved to have Tommy come crawling on his belly for a bit of food, a scrap of attention.

Tommy snarls and lunges towards Grian, snapping his teeth. He’s not fucking doing that shit again. He’s not being that person. He’s not that desperate. Its just some fucking chicken, that’s all it is. He doesn’t care.

Grian shouts and throws himself back and Tommy retreats quickly back to his corner. Fuck. That might have been a mistake. That might have been a huge fucking mistake.

Shit. Why did he do that? Now Grian is going to be angry. Now Grian will think he isn’t worth the time. Fuck. He’s going to be *pissed* . Dream would be. Dream would take all of his stuff for this, Dream would beat him to a pulp for this. Tommy doesn’t have anything for Grian to take away, just the blanket that he’d stuffed through the bars. That’s all he has.

“Easy, easy,” Grian’s voice breaks through his panic. Soft and gentle, “sorry for spooking you buddy, not sure what I did but I’m sorry.”

Dream never. Dream never apologized.

“Here,” Grian says, “you can have it, alright? No strings attached.”

He tosses the chicken in.

“I’ll let you calm down a bit,” he says, and then he just...leaves.

Tommy stares at the tunnel, waiting for Grian to come back. He’s probably getting a sword or something. He has to be.

But Grian is just gone.

Tommy doesn’t get it. Where’s the trick? What’s the trap?

He stares at the chicken leg, waiting for it to...do something. He doesn’t fucking *know* . It just sits there, like a chicken leg.

He carefully shuffles over to it. Waiting for Grian to come storming around the corner, surely this is what he's waiting for. Surely this is the trap.

Nothing happens.

He scarfs the meat off the bone and still nothing happens.

He doesn't get this guy.

Grian comes back what must be the next day, because he greets Tommy with a soft and cheery, "good morning!" He sits down in front of the bars, "I brought you some breakfast. You think we could try this again?"

He pulls another goddamn piece of chicken out of his bag.

Fucking *hell* this guy just doesn't know what giving up even *means* does he?

Tommy growls.

"I know," Grian says, "but come on, I'm not that bad. I showered today I promise."

Tommy doesn't move.

"I'm not gonna hurt'cha either. Come on, just c'mere."

Its dumb. Its fucking stupid and he should ignore Grian. Just keep snarling until Grian gives up on this stupid shit. But.

He's lonely.

He's been lonely for a long fucking time. He only had Dream in exile and he hasn't had *anyone* here. He takes a cautious step towards Grian.

Grian is pretending not to notice, he's looking at the wall, arm though the bars, body relaxed. Tommy can see him watching from the corner of his eye though.

He slinks across the space between them, pausing every little bit. He shouldn't be doing this. Not over some fucking chicken. Not because of the ache in his chest. He's going to fucking leave as soon as he can. He should get used to being lonely.

He's in arm's reach now. The chicken is right in front of him. Grian is still looking at the wall. Dumbass should know better than that shit. Letting what he thinks is a wild wolf this close.

Tommy should bite him just to teach him a fucking lesson.

He takes the chicken carefully from Grian's fingers instead. The moment its free he darts to the back of the cage, scarfing it down so fast he barely even tastes it.

He licks his chops and finally looks up. Grian is watching him with a fucking *dopey grin* on his dumb fucking face. "There see? Didn't even touch you."

“If you touch me I’ll bite your goddamn hand off.”

Grian only laughs.

Bitch.

Grian keeps up the hand feeding bullshit, because he is incapable of letting shit go. Or letting Tommy, specifically, go. Which Tommy would like for him to do, eventually.

Its whatever. He doesn’t *care* . He’s just using Grian for free food. And maybe its nice to hear another person’s voice for a bit, even if he can’t talk back. Maybe its just a little bit nice to have another person around, and maybe a couple times he doesn’t dart away after he takes the food.

Just because he wants Grian to let him out. He’s just going to pretend and then when Grian opens the fucking gate he’s gone. That’s all.

“Lunchtime!” Grian calls stepping up to the bars. “I’ve got some nice mutton here for you!”

Fuck yeah.

See, this is way better than jamming his nose into fucking rabbit burrows. He’s practically got his own servant. He’s a fucking genius for pulling this shit off. He should have thought of this way sooner.

“Oh boy mutton,” another voice says from the doorway. Tommy freezes. What the fuck. That sounds like that moustache fucker.

Sure enough he walks his dumb moustache around the corner.

“Hey Mumbo!” Grian says cheerfully, “didn’t expect to see you around here today.”

Mambo shrugs, “didn’t expect to see you trying to tame this guy. I thought you said you were busy.”

“I was, I *am* ,” Grian says, “but he just looked so pitiful--” what the *actual fuck* “--I felt bad for him. He looks like he’s been having a rough time of it.”

Tommy was wrong, this was a terrible idea. He’s so fucking *offended*. Has this just been *pity mutton* all along?

“How’s that going?” Mambo asks, leaning on the wall.

“Slow,” Grian admits, he’s about to fucking *learn* how slow Tommy can make this shit. Fuck. He can take his fucking pity mutton and *stuff it* . “But we’re making good progress, right bud?”

No, fuck him.

Tommy bares his teeth.

Grian looks sad, “well, maybe he’s not so sure about other people yet.”

This *motherfucker*.

Tommy curls up on the fucking *pity blanket* and ignores them.

“Aw,” Grian says, “you’re not hungry?”

Tommy does his best to give him a Look but apparently it doesn’t communicate over a wolf’s face very well because Grian smiles. “Yeah, see? I’ve got some food here, Mumbo’s just a friend, he’s nice, you’ll like him.”

Oh he can fuck *all the way off* .

“Reach in my bag there?” Grian says, and cloth rustles and then the smell of the *fucking chicken* is in the air.

Tommy growls, low in his chest.

“C’mon, I know you like it,” Grian coos. “Just c’mere and take it.”

Oh Tommy’ll fucking come over there. He’ll take Grian’s fucking *hand* with it. He stalks across the cage and Grian smiles at him like the fucking loon that he is.

Tommy snatches the chicken from his fingers.

Whatever. He’ll take pity food. That’s what this is about, getting free food. Grian can think of it as Pity Chicken all he wants but its Tommy’s Victory Chicken. Take fucking that.

He’s tricked Grian into giving him the good shit and everything. Ha.

Something *touches him* . On top of his head. Fuck, is that a fucking *spider* or some shit. Tommy leaps the fuck away, snapping his teeth and only catching air.

What the fuck, is it still on him??

No, he got it off, he’s good. He looks over by the bars, expecting to see the little shit on the floor. But there’s only Grian and Mumbo, Grian’s got his fucking *hand* through the *goddamn bars* did he just try to *pet Tommy*?

“Don’t you fucking start *that* shit,” Tommy snaps, it comes out as an angry bark.

“Oops,” Grian says, “sorry buddy.”

‘Sorry,’ he says. Fucking “sorry”. Whatever. Tommy growls at him and curls up on his blanket. He’s done with this shit.

“Alright, we’ll leave you be. I’ve got to go check on the barge anyway,” Grian says.

“Mind if I tag along?” Mumbo asks, following Grian out, “I wanted to stop by the chest monster and get some more shulkers.”

Fucking weirdos.

Tommy tries not to notice how warm his head feels where Grian touched it, like his fur is aching for a hand to run through it. He got this way sometimes, on the beach, when Dream would give him a hug or ruffle his hair. When Tommy had been good, when Dream was happy with him.

He's not putting up with that shit again. Its not happening.

Of course Grian doesn't give up on the fucking petting. No matter how much Tommy growls and snaps at him, he just zips his fucking hand away from Tommy's teeth and looks *sad*. "I'm not gonna hurt you," he says, "most wolves *like* having their ears rubbed."

Well Tommy's not fucking *most wolves* now is he? He's not even a goddamn wolf.

Except for how he is.

But whatever.

The *point* is that he's *not* letting Grian rub his fucking ears. That's weird as shit.

He expects Grian to get frustrated, to get angry. To hit him or give up on him or even fucking withhold food until Tommy cooperates like Dream did. He doesn't though, he just sits there like he's got all the fucking time and chicken in the world.

Weirdo.

It becomes a daily standoff, Tommy versus Grian. A battle of wills. A test of speed. Who can move faster.

Grian wins, mostly. But he's not even smug about it, he just gives Tommy another piece of fucking chicken. Which Tommy isn't going to say *no* to but still.

Grian is fucking confusing.

Rain patters above them, Grian settles himself cross legged in front of the bars and holds out a piece of chicken. "You know," he says, "none of my chickens have gone missing since I got you down here."

Ah shit.

"I wonder if you *were* the one taking them..."

Tommy does his best to look like a normal dumb wolf that couldn't even begin to figure out the magic known as 'doors'.

"That would be cool," Grian says, "well. Bad for my chickens, obviously, but you'd be really smart."

Tommy *is* fucking smart. And not just for a wolf. He's a goddamn genius who's gotten this fucker to bring him food three times a day. Fuck yeah.

An explosion.

Fuck, shit.

He's in L'manberg, the air is thick with ash and smoke and the terrible scent of TNT. Its all crashing down, its all destroyed. Techno is screaming, the Withers are hovering above them all like the wrath of the gods.

He's on the beach, Dream is in front of him, pointing expectantly down into the hole, about to destroy hours of hard work. He doesn't want to throw it in but Dream's fist comes down again and again.

He's... he's pressed up against bars, cold through his fur, there's someone holding him tight, stroking down his back like he's a kid who had a nightmare.

"You're alright," Grian says, right, fuck Grian. He's not there anymore. Not in exile, not in L'manberg. "Its just thunder."

It was just thunder.

Shit.

He should pull away, go back to his corner. But he's shaking too hard to move and Grian is just.

He's just repeating over and over, "you're alright," and Tommy can almost fucking believe it. Slowly, he lays down next to the bars and lets Grian run his hand over his side.

Its just for now. Just until he calms down. That's all it is.

Grian is letting him out. He's fucking letting him out. The gate is open and Grian has a piece of fucking chicken in his hand like *that's* what Tommy cares about right now.

"Come on," he says encouragingly, "I've got a nice bed all fixed up for you inside, how's that sound?"

Sounds shitty--well. It sounds nice but Tommy doesn't care. He's getting the fuck *out of here* . But he can't be too suspicious, not until he's out of this goddamn hole.

He slinks out of the gate. Grian shuts it behind him. So far so good.

The tunnel is empty before him, nothing to stop him, nothing to pen him in. He looks up at Grian.

Grian smiles down at him.

Tommy fucking *bolts* .

He laughs as he bursts out into the sunlight. Grian is shouting behind him, running, but he's nowhere near as fast as Tommy is. His paws eat up the ground, taking him to the edge of the jungle. He's almost there. Almost. *Almost* .

He makes it.

He's in the cover of the trees when he finally dares to stop and look behind himself. Grian is standing just outside of the tunnel, looking at him.

He's still got the chicken in his hand.

His shoulders slump a bit.

Well, sucks for him. Tommy turns away.

Then he turns back.

Just to make sure Grian isn't following him.

He isn't, he's still just watching. He's not even angry. He's just...sad.

No. Nope. No.

No.

He's not doing it.

He doesn't give a single, solitary *shit* if Grian is *sad* .

Or that he was kind, or that Tommy is lonely. It doesn't matter. None of it matters.

All that matters is going back to his abandoned little hole. Then he can...try to figure out hunting again. And sleep on the bed, alone, in the dusty dark.

Grian is still standing there. He crouches down and puts the chicken on the ground. He's turning away.

This is what Tommy wants.

He *likes* being alone at this point. He's used to it. Its fine. He doesn't *care* .

But...well. Its hard. Hunting.

And, you know. Dust is...its gotta be bad for you at some point. Shit in your lungs is always bad.

And like, its not like it *matters* if he hangs around. He'd be in the general area anyway.

He lopez out of the trees. Grian doesn't notice.

Yeah, that's what this is about. He's just fucking with the guy. Give him a little bark, see if he can jump ten feet in the fucking air with those wings.

He pauses to snatch up the chicken on his way by. Because this is also about free food. Naturally.

Grian doesn't notice him until he's right on his heels. Tommy's nose maybe accidentally just barely brushes his hand a little bit. Grian jumps a little bit--not ten feet, which is disappointing--and then he smiles like the weirdo he is and kneels.

"Hey," he says, "you came back."

Well. Not like there's many other interesting places to be now is there. None with service this good at least.

Grian holds out his hand slowly and Tommy isn't about that fucking touchy shit but well. They're having a Moment and shit aren't they? Gotta go all the way. He lets Grian get *one* stroke down his back and then he pulls away.

They go up to the mansion together. Its whatever.

Not like Tommy cares that Grian *did* actually set up a little bed by the fireplace. Its nice and all but a little desperate isn't it? Lame.



Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!

If there's one thing Tommy has learned in the past few weeks, its that he is a goddamn genius.

This is the best fucking idea he ever had.

He is living in the lap of fucking *luxury* . Nobody back home had this kind of shit. Grian is richer than rich, he makes Eret look like a fucking *beggar* in a *cardboard goddamn box* with this shit. Which is, objectively, hilarious.

Eret sold them all out for his little piss castle and Grian is living it up on a goddamn mountain sized mansion without having to make any deals with the devil.

And Tommy? Tommy didn't have to lift a fucking *finger* to get in on that. He just has to sit around and look cute, which he doesn't even have to *try* for because he's a fucking wolf. Which, admittedly, kind of a downside, still missing his thumbs but.

Fuck, he's living a better life as a wolf than he *ever* did as a person.

Grian doesn't hit him, doesn't take his things, doesn't even *yell* at him. Dude's a total fucking *softie*. Makes marshmallows look like stone. He's good company too, he likes to talk, even though Tommy, obviously, can't reply. He's happy to just chatter to himself as he goes around working on the mansion.

Tommy's only problem is that sometimes Grian leaves. For a long ass time. He leaves food and shit behind but, well. The mansion is empty without him.

Not that Tommy misses him, of course. Not at all. That would be fucking dumb because that almost makes it sound like Tommy thinks of him as a friend. Tommy doesn't *do* friends, not anymore. He learned his lesson about that shit, no thank you, he'll *pass* .

But.

Its...

Its boring. That's what it is. Its boring without Grian wandering around. Talking, filling up the space in the cavernous mansion.

Its just boring.

So next time Grian packs up to leave, Tommy follows him.

Because he doesn't want to get bored.

The Nether portal is kind of an issue. Because Grian can fly. And Tommy definitely can't. He's smarter than your average wolf though, so it doesn't take him too long to figure out how to get down to it.

He tumbles into the heat of the nether with a yelp. It might not be dignified, but its effective and that's what Tommy cares about. He shakes himself off and looks around. He's in some kind of tunnel, surrounded by netherrack. The usual stench of the nether--sulfur and smoke and rot--is magnified by like, a *thousand* with his wolf's nose.

Tommy has a sneezing fit, and Grian pokes his head around the corner. "Buddy?" he asks, incredulous, "how did you--?"

Tommy sneezes again and trots over to Grian, his tail wagging. Just to complete the wolf act.

"No," Grian says, "seriously how?"

"I'm just that good," Tommy says, it comes out as a woof.

"I guess...you can come with me." Grian says, "at least until I figure out how to keep you from following again. Good thing I'm just going to the shopping district."

Shopping district? That sounds interesting.

Tommy trots along at Grian's side, happy to keep pace with him. The netherrack is hot under his paws, and he's downright *suffocating* in the fur fucking coat he's got on but its better than being alone at the mansion.

Just because that's boring.

The shopping district is...weird. It smells like a fucking barnyard for one, there's the smell of *sheep* fucking *everywhere* and fucking *mooshrooms* . What the hell is going *on* here?

Tommy sniffs at the grass. A lot of it has been pulled up by the animals, trampled under their hooves. Where the grass has been destroyed, mycelium has taken its place. Weird.

Aside from that, this place looks nice as fuck. They've got actual *roads* , like, paved and everything. And hedges, who the fuck has time to grow *hedges*?? These assholes, apparently. Though the hedges are looking a little worse for wear.

There's all sorts of buildings, too, it makes L'manberg look like a fucking joke. This is just their *shopping district*. L'manberg didn't even *have* a shopping district. Nobody had the time to stand around and make sure nobody was stealing shit from a shop.

Grian is looking at the mess around them with a satisfied gleam in his eye. "I really didn't think this would work out so well," he says happily, "but look! The Resistance is taking over!"

Tommy stops dead in his tracks. Resistance?

Grian turns when he realizes Tommy's stopped, "c'mon Bud, we've got places to be!"

Tommy hesitates for a moment more, then catches up to him. Shit, what fucking resistance is going on? He looks around but there doesn't seem to be any wreckage, aside from the fucking sheep. There's no craters, no chunks taken out of woodwork by a mis-swung sword.

What the fuck is going on?

They head through the streets, the place is quiet. But not in a tense way, not the way L'manberg was when they were at war. There's not tension. Things are...idyllic. For a place supposedly in the middle of some kind of uprising.

They head up the steps to a massive building, and inside it there is more diamonds than Tommy has ever seen in one place in his *goddamn life* . What the *fuck* . They're just *sitting there* . In the *open* . Nothing and no one guarding them.

Well. There is one thing guarding them.

There's a dog at the door, tied to a post. It sees him and immediately growls, bristling. Tommy curls his lip back but its not like it can do anything about him. Its fucking tied up.

Sucker.

Tommy carefully steps past the guard dog. He gets a snarl for his trouble but he ignores it. God he wishes he could hold a fucking pickaxe. This shit would have him set for *life* . Nothing even happens, he can walk right up and plant his nose on one of the blocks.

What the fuck??

Grian doesn't even seem to *care* , he's just looking at this little sign set up by the door. He's looking at the sign, and then the pile, and then the sign. A grin is spreading over his face.

"Oh Scar," he says, "you have made a *mistake* . C'mon Buddy, we've got to get the others."

Tommy would really rather stay here with the fucking *diamond pile*--seriously, is Grian just gonna *leave* that shit? Its not like anyone would *notice* if one or two or even fucking *ten* blocks go missing.

Grian leads him to some random tree on a little island. "Alright, you can't tell anyone this is here, right?"

Tommy wishes that he could get away with rolling his eyes. Grian is a fuckign weirdo sometimes. Talking to what he thinks is a fucking *dog* .

Then Grian fucking *picks him up*, and *then* they're fuckign *falling* . Tommy struggles instinctively, but Grian holds tight, flaring his wings as they get to the bottom of the...what the fuck is this place?

Its some kind of base, done up all nice and shit. There's fucking *marble collums*. What the actual *fuck* ?

"The headquarters of the Mycelium Resistance!" Grian crows, throwing his arms out wide.

When he and Wilbur got exiled their fucking headquarters didn't even have *railings* . They just fell off the fucking stairs like *Men* .

These assholes have a *table* and *chairs* .

He's almost offended.

Grian sets him down and Tommy takes the opportunity to poke around the base. It definitely smells like this is where all the sheep came from, but there is also the weird...mushroomy smell of Mycelium.

He has no idea why the fuck they're fighting over some weird mushroom block but. Well.

He and Wilbur ended up founding L'manberg over a fight about their drug van. He's aware that sometimes things...Spiral. "We're just gonna have a meeting," Grian says, "so I guess you can hang around here."

Does Tommy really want to get involved with this? Really? Honestly? Another war?

He kind of owes Grian. He's mooching off the guy, and Tommy can respect a good rebellion.

He doesn't know what they're fighting about, but he's willing to throw his lot in with Grian. He seems like a good guy. And besides, this is definitely not going to be boring.

There's a board in the on the far wall, reading is weird as a wolf but he can manage it. Something about members and their roles, he thinks. They just have that shit posted?

Not his place to judge, he guesses. They're obviously running a better resistance than Wilbur managed to. Grian doesn't even seem to be going insane. The thought is bitter. He turns away from the board.

Grian is standing by some weird little podium in the hall. "Here we go," he says, and pushes a button.

Above them, there is the telltale sound of ender pearls popping. Tommy flinches, waiting for someone to attack. But Grain greets the newcomers warmly.

"Gentlemen," he says once the seats are all filled, "I'm glad you all made it. We have important things to discuss, namely, that Scar has made a *tremendous* mistake."

These people are fucking weird.

Tommy listens to them planning to take the diamond pile--first good idea he's seen--but they're doing it *legitimately*. Alright, he can *kind of* get the appeal of turning their enemies' words against them, that's a good bit of fun there. But.

This is *so much work*.

They're on a fucking mushroom island digging up a metric *fuckton* of mycelium for this. Why can they not just *take the fucking throne* and just chuck some mushrooms in its place. Not like anyone's gonna count that shit.

But if this is what they want to do its not like he's got a packed schedule. He paws a little at the dirt. Alright, he can do this. He's careful, only moving the top layer into a little pile, its gonna take him fucking *years* to get anything done but whatever.

A laugh rings out from one of the guys. He has no idea which one it is. Etho or something. "Look at your dog, Grian," he laughs, "he's helping!"

“Of course he is!” Grian says, sounding almost offended, “he’s a member of the resistance isn’t he?”

Tommy snorts.

“He can be our mascot!” some other dude chimes in.

That’s offensive, Tommy is *helping* he’s not just standing around *looking nice* . And people call him rude.

“You wanna be our mascot Buddy?” Grian asks, ruffling his ears. Tommy snaps at him halfheartedly. Grian laughs, “I hereby dub thee...Agent B!”

That’s lame as fuck. Tommy wants a better name.

They’re all cheering though.

These people are so *weird* .

Tommy goes back to digging, they’ve got another metric fuckton of this shit to get through. “Thank you for your hard work, Agent B,” Grian says solemnly.

Tommy ignores him and doesn’t feel a little bit happy at all that Grian thanked him. That he noticed. That would be dumb. There is no little bubble of warmth in his heart.

By the time they finish, its late, and Tommy is ready to collapse into a heap. Instead, Grian picks him up and they go back to the fucking shopping district. Its completely abandoned at this hour, just the dog watching the door.

“Wow, this guy does *not* like Agent B,” Ren says.

“Its because he works for HEP and Agent B is a loyal member of the Resistance,” Grian says loftily.

Tommy snorts but he’s not going to fucking correct them now is he? He’s actually glad that he doesn’t have hands now because he is free to lounge on the pile of chests as the rest of the Resistance sets about dismantling the diamond throne. He lays his head on his paws, ignoring the way his tail thumps when Grian looks over at him. He’s just excited to see all these fucking diamonds get put into the right hands.

Finally, the throne is down and put away. “Thanks for guarding the mycelium Agent B,” Grian says, opening the first of the chests. “Now let’s rebuild the throne.”

If Tommy were human he’d fuckign laugh at that. Getting all this fucking mycelium was almost worth it to rebuild the pile--throne? Apparently?--out of the stuff. He’s sure that whoever this Scar guy is, he’ll be fucking *furious* when he comes back and finds this shit waiting for him.

These people are weird, and probably insane, but at least they’re insane in a fun way.

The Resistance marches on. Its the weirdest fucking war Tommy’s ever been involved in. Nobody actually *fights* , they lay traps, they trick each other, but there’s no real *harm* done to anyone. They

even *give back the fucking diamonds* . Insanity.

The base moves, new members join, but nobody is hurt. Tommy has no idea who's even winning at this point. Grian doesn't let him come along every time so he's probably missing several key events. Not that he's too torn up about that, none of the *players* have been hurt but he doesn't want to see if that courtesy extends to pets.

It never did back home, that's for sure.

He's been left behind again and like usual, Mumbo has come around. Tommy stretches lazily, thumping his tail a few times because the guy is even more of a softie than Grian and he gets *sad* if Tommy doesn't seem happy to see him. Everyone here is so fucking soft its ludicrous.

"Hey Buddy," Mumbo says. He sounds...weird.

Tommy sits up, Mumbo's hiding something behind his back. Is this some weird surprise thing?

He sniffs but he doesn't smell food so he's definitely not interested in whatever it is.

"You wanna come with me on an adventure?" Mumbo asks, coming closer.

Why the fuck would Tommy want to do that?

He huffs and lays back down, shutting his eyes. Mumbo's hand touches his head. Tommy continues to ignore him, he's not getting up, he's *comfortable* .

Something wraps around his neck.

What the fuck.

He jolts up, there's a fucking *lead* in Mumbo's *hand* and its attached to *him* . "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Tommy demands, of course it only comes out as a growl.

"Easy," Mumbo says, raising his hands in surrender, "we're just going to surprise Grian, right? It'll be fun."

He tugs on the lead.

Tommy digs his paws into the carpet. He isn't going fucking *anywhere* this sounds shady as *fuck* . "Bud, come *on* ," Mumbo grunts, "I thought dogs were supposed to *like* walks."

"Not when you're being weird about it!" Tommy snaps.

Mumbo tugs him another step forward then gives up with a huff. Tommy sits down, ears pinned back. He lets a growl creep out of his throat.

"You're such a weird dog," Mumbo mutters.

Tommy twists his head and starts chewing on the lead.

"Ah! No! Stop that!" Mumbo scolds, he tries to shove Tommy's nose away. Tommy snaps his teeth at him, but because Mumbo is generally pretty nice he doesn't try to hit skin. Just a warning. For now.

Mumbo sighs, “alright, plan B.”

Tommy braces, but it isn’t enough because Mumbo fucking *picks him up* what is *with these people*?

“Put me the fuck down moustache boy!” Tommy bellows, it comes out as an angry series of barks but it gets the feeling across.

“Shhhh,” Mumbo says, carrying him towards the door, “we’re just going on a quick trip, its fine, its fine.”

It definitely fucking *isn’t* but Tommy doesn’t want to get fucking dropped. With one hand Mumbo lights off a firework. Tommy flinches hard, curling a little closer to Mumbo.

Just so his fur doesn’t get singed. That’s all. They dive into the nether portal.

Tommy resolves to be a very dignified captive, if Mumbo wants to do this then he can do it without any help from Tommy. He gets put back on his paws in the Nether but he simply plants his rear on the stone and looks Mumbo dead in the eyes.

“I’m not fucking walking anywhere.”

“Come on,” Mumbo says, trying for enthusiasm. “Let’s go!”

He jogs a few steps down the tunnel.

Tommy makes a show of lying down and getting comfortable. He may not be able to go back through the nether portal without stranding himself at a ludicrous height but he doesn’t have to leave it either.

“You’re the worst dog,” Mumbo mutters.

Tommy grins.

Mumbo picks him up again but Tommy is pretty sure they both know who’s really winning here.

He makes Mumbo carry him all the way through the nether. They pop out in the shopping district.

Huh. Maybe Mumbo really *was* taking him to Grian. Whoops.

Whatever. He was shady as fuck about it and Tommy didn’t have to get his paws half burnt off, win win.

“Will you walk *now*? ” Mumbo asks, setting him on the ground by the portal. Tommy considers for a moment, and then gets to his paws. Just to be a little shit he wags his tail and pants happily, like he’s having the time of his fucking life.

Mumbo gives him a dirty look.

Tommy dances on his paws, just to rub it in a little bit more.

“What kind of monster are you?” Mumbo asks sourly, “what terrible realm were you brought from to torment me?”

“Well we called it the Dream SMP,” Tommy says, trotting after Mumbo, “but technically I was in exile before I came here.”

They’re not going down to the Resistance base, which is odd. They aren’t going to the barge either. Weird. But Grian does a lot of stuff around here, so maybe he’s up to that. He sniffs at the air, but he doesn’t find any evidence that Grian is nearby.

They’re going to some stupidly tall building, its got a fucking...llama head on it. These people can build anything and yet they choose to build the weirdest shit possible.

Mumbo leads him through the building until they end up at what has to be the top. There’s a great big table, covered in grass and shit. Tommy wishes it was the weirdest thing he’s seen here.

Sitting at the table there’s a man. Just, Some Dude, he’s got a golden monocle, and he smiles when Mumbo enters. “This is him then?”

“Yep,” Mumbo says, “Scar, allow me to introduce you to Agent B.”

Scar ?

Isn’t that the guy they’re fucking *fighting against*?

Mumbo is a fucking traitor and Tommy let him lead him right into the enemy base.

Fuck.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Final chapter fam! Thank you to everyone who's read and enjoyed this!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If there's one thing Tommy has learned in his life its that you can't fucking trust anyone. Not your friends, not even people you thought of as your brother, and certainly not fuckers with handlebar moustaches.

"I really don't know what set him off,"Mumbo, the fucking *traitor* says, kneeling to peer at Tommy. He's stuck in a fucking corner, boxed in like a goddamn fish.

He growls, low and menacing.

Scar, the fucker, is wrapping a bandage around his wrist, looking at Tommy warily. "You said Grian tamed him pretty recently right? Maybe he's just a little wild still."

Oh Tommy's gonna fucking *show him* wild.

"Either way, we've got him now. All we need to do is arrange a meeting. The Resistance surrenders or they never see their precious mascot again."

Oh shit. Oh fuck. He's going to fucking die, isn't he?

Shit.

A whine creeps out of his throat against his wishes. He curls up in the corner, like that will fucking help.

"Aw Buddy," Mumb says, reaching out a hand like he's going to touch him.

Tommy snarls. Yes he wants the fucking thing off but he's not letting that *traitor* touch him.

Mumbo withdraws his hand quickly. "Geez you're scary."

Good.

"Ah, Grian," Scar says into his communicator, "I have something I think you'd be interested in. Bring the Resistance to the HEP headquarters or you'll never see your precious Agent B again."

Grian's voice sounds over the phone, offended, but not worried, not nearly fucking worried enough. Tommy whines again. Fuck he's going to be collatoral fucking damage in a war about goddamn *mushrooms* .

Scar hangs up the call. "And now we wait."

Grian storms into the office, his wings flared, “you Dognapped Agent B!” he accuses, pointing a finger in Scar’s face. The rest of the Resistance is behind him.

None of these fuckers are armed what the *actual fuck* . They’re not even wearing *goddamn armor* .

“That is like, *the most* supervillain move,” Grian says.

“I’m just working for the greater good!” Scar says.

“That’s what *all* supervillains think!” Grian says like he just fucking won something. What the fuck. Why does *everyone* in this place have to be insane. Couldn’t one or two of them have kept a couple of brain cells to rub together?

“You’re going to get fucking killed,” Tommy tries to shout, but of course he’s a *dog* .

Grian turns to him, “Agent B! They locked you up!” He crouches by the barricade that Mumbo and Scar made. “Aww, that’s just mean,” he says over his shoulder.

He reaches out and Tommy leans into his hand, just this once. Just because he *actually came* even if he’s going to get destroyed because he didn’t bring weapons or armor. He’ll fucking come back, Tommy might fucking not.

“We didn’t really have a choice,” Scar says, “he went a little wild, I think we spooked him or something.” He holds up his bandaged wrist in evidence.

“He *bit you?* ” Grian asks.

Scar nods.

“Sorry, usually he’s better than that.”

What the fuck.

What the *actual* fuck?

“I’ll be alright,” Scar says, waving the apology away, he sounds so fucking *casual* .

“If you’re sure,” Grian says, also *way too fucking casually* . “Now then, I believe we were supposed to be negotiating for your hostage?”

And just like that they’re all sitting around the fucking table like they’re old friends or some shit. They’re just... *chatting* . There’s no insults, no threats, there’s not even anyone *glaring* at each other.

“So I think we should have a tournament,” Grian says, “whoever wins has to put the shopping district back to rights. Sound good?”

There is a general murmur of agreement, as though Grian hasn’t just suggested the *most ludicrous fucking thing* . A *tournament*??? They’re fighting a goddamn *war* or Tommy fucking *thought they were* .

Finally, the details of the goddamn tournament have been quibbled over and everyone is waving to each other and taking off, all smiles and friendly.

What the fuck *is* this place?

“C’mon Agent B,” Grian says, dismantling the barricade, “let’s get you out of here huh? Ready to go home?”

“You’re fucking insane,” Tommy says.

“Yeah, me too.”

They’re out in the badlands, having a goddamn tournament.

Tommy slinks at Grian’s side, watching the different minigames. This is more like a fucking carnival than a war. Sure, some of the games are lethal, but Tommy hasn’t heard anything about limited lives.

Figures that their admin is as weird as everyone else here.

Tommy trots at Grian’s side, snarling at any of the HEP members that come close. Just because Grian is going to be an idiot doesn’t mean that he is. He learned his fucking lesson, he’s not trusting any of these people.

They’re watching some game that involves shooting the other hermits out of the sky as they fall. Tommy has no idea who thinks of this shit, but Mumbo is aiming at Etho and well. That’s a terrible stance to begin with.

Be a shame if someone were to, say, nip at his ankle.

Tommy slinks away.

Mumbo is looking down the sight of the crossbow, tracking Etho across the sky. Tommy waits, watching for the moment his finger starts to squeeze the trigger.

There!

He lunges. Mumbo’s pants are a bit looser than he expected so he mostly just grazes the skin and gets a mouthful of cloth but its enough to yank Mumbo’s leg and throw off his aim.

He goes down with a yelp and Tommy dances away quickly.

“Cheater!” Mumbo calls, “Grain you can’t make your dog attack people!”

“I didn’t tell him to do that!” Grian says, “that was all him.”

“Well it shouldn’t count!”

“Agent B is as much a member of the Resistance as any of us,” Grian declares loftily, “if you can take him hostage he can handicap you in the games.”

“That is not how it works,” Mumbo laughs.

Tommy growls a little, he should be happy that Tommy didn’t take the opportunity to get a *real* bite on him while he was at it. He snorts and trots to Grian’s side.

“What’s going on here?” Some other guy says. He’s dressed as a bee. Because of course he is. Why not.

“Grian’s cheating,” Mumbo says like he’s a kid tattling on the playground.

“I didn’t tell Agent B to do anything! That was all him!”

The guy in the bee suit looks down at Tommy.

“Hey Grian,” he says, “where uh--where’d you get that dog?”

A curl of dread takes up residence in the pit of Tommy’s stomach. Why does he feel like shit is about to go down?

“He was raiding my chicken coop,” Grain says, confused, “why?”

Tommy tries to pretend that he’s a completely normal wolf, he smiles up at the dude in the bee suit and thumps his tail a couple times for good measure.

He isn’t buying it.

“He’s had him for a few months,” Mumbo chimes in, “he’s really smart.”

“Yeah,” the bee guy says, “I bet he is.”

Shit.

Tommy carefully gets to his feet, trying to be casual. Like he just wants to go sniff something or whatever.

“What are you on about X?” Grian asks.

X? As in, Xisuma? As in, *the goddamn admin*?

Tommy looks up, the goddamn admin is looking him dead in the eyes. “Well,” he says “a few months ago, there was some kind of magical disturbance. It *felt* like another person joined the world. But I couldn’t find anyone new. Until now.”

“But Buddy’s a dog?” Mumbo says.

“No,” Xisuma replies, “no he’s not.”

Tommy bolts.

Around the edge of one of the games. Through the crowd. People shouting. Grian, Mumbo, Xisuma on his tail. Etho in front of him, confused, “Buddy?”

Tommy bowls past him. Out to the edge of the tournament area, the badlands stretch out before him. He can just run, he can lose them and then he’ll just keep running. He’ll find some place to

hole up and it'll be fine.

It's going to be fine.

He just has to get away from here.

Xisuma appears before him, beneath the bee mask his eyes glow with power. Tommy tries to skid to a stop, but suddenly he's running on two feet instead of four paws. Suddenly he's in tattered clothes, a compass hung around his neck.

He tumbles to the ground at the admin's feet and passes the fuck out.

The sun is shining in his eyes, he's laying on clean sheets underneath warm blankets. There is faint birdsong somewhere outside. Its peaceful. He wonders if this is what death is like.

Ghostbur said it was just a void, a black void, but this is nice, really. Maybe Ghostbur had just forgotten about this part.

Maybe Tommy isn't dead, but that's ridiculous.

There is no way the admin would have let him live. It simply couldn't have happened.

A door opens, and footsteps come closer.

Maybe its Ghostbur, or Mexican Dream. Maybe they're just checking on him and then they'll leave. If he just lays here with his eyes closed maybe everything can just keep on being peaceful and warm and safe.

"I know you're awake kid," Xisuma says. "Open your eyes."

Tommy obeys, because he's already in enough trouble and he knows what happens when you piss off an admin. He's in a nice room, not a cell, which is an interesting choice.

Not that an admin really *needs* to lock him up. There's no way Tommy can get away from this guy.

This guy who's...smiling at him.

"That's better," he says, and if Dream were saying them those words would be ominous. Laced with sleeping anger and deadly intent. Xisuma says them like Tommy's done him a favor.

Tommy sits up slowly. His head spins but he braces his back on the wall and manages to keep mostly upright. Xisuma reaches for him, hands positioned like he's going to help but Tommy shrinks away with a fearful gasp.

Xisuma raises his hands in surrender and backs away. "I'm not going to hurt you," he says, "you're at my house so I could *help you*."

Fuck, Tommy's in the admin's goddamn house. How the *fuck* is he supposed to get out of here?

Well, obviously, he's *not*.

Tommy pulls his knees up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them.

Xisuma pulls up a chair and sits down, “so, I don’t know if you know, but just in case, my name is Xisuma. I’m the admin here. What’s your name?”

God does he want to stay silent, but he knows better than to be stubborn. That’s the kind of shit that’ll piss off an admin *real quick* and Tommy can’t afford that. He swallows a couple times. “Tommy.” He’s almost surprised to hear his own voice, hoarse and quiet, but his. Not a bark, or a growl, or a howl.

“Nice to meet you Tommy,” Xisuma murmurs. “A bit late, but welcome to Hermitcraft.”

‘Welcome to Hermitcraft??’ Why the *fuck* is this guy *welcoming him* he *broke in* to this goddamn place. Somehow. He’s never really been clear on how he got here. He was distracted by waking up as a wolf at the time.

“I’m not sure how you got here,” Xisuma says, ignorant to his confusion, “but I’d like to help you if I can. I’m sure there’s someone looking for you. Tell me how I can help and I will, alright?”

Its stupid, its dumb, its *desperate*, but he lurches forward and latches onto the admin’s arm. “Turn me back,” he croaks. “Please, *please* just turn me back.”

“I--Back?”

“Please. Just let me be a dog again. Just turn me back.”

“Kid I can’t just turn you into a *dog*,” Xisuma says, sounding utterly confused. “Its not--you can’t just live as a dog.”

Tommy’s eyes are burning, he buries his face in his knees, trying to hold back a sob. “Please,” he says one more hopeless time. “It was better that way, just turn me back.”

“No. I’m sorry.” Xisuma says, “I’m not turning you back. Talk to me Tommy, tell me what’s going on. I’m sure there’s a better way to live than as a dog.”

There isn’t though, he was happy, he was *safe*, aside from Mumbo dognapping him. There wasn’t anyone trying to kill him, he wasn’t exiled, there wasn’t even anyone angry at him, people actually *liked him*.

“Tommy?” Xisuma prompts after a long moment of silence.

Tommy doesn’t even look up at him.

Xisuma sighs. The chair scrapes and footsteps leave the room. Voices murmur outside, and then two sets return.

“Tommy?” Grian asks.

Tommy looks up. Grian is looking at him, and he doesn’t look angry, for some stupid fucking reason he looks *worried*.

“You mind if I come sit with you?” Grian asks, and Tommy silently scoots over. He doesn’t know why Grian isn’t mad, isn’t even upset. He should be. Tommy stole from him, effectively lied to

him, and Grian still looks like he fucking *cares* about Tommy.

He's such a weirdo.

Tommy sniffles.

The mattress shifts as the weight of another person settles on it. A hand touches his shoulder gingerly. "Hey, you wanna tell me what's going on?"

He doesn't want to, he doesn't want to tell Grian about everything that happened, everything he did. Everything *Dream* did. But he curls closer to Grian and opens his mouth and lets the words flow out.

Chapter End Notes

I know it ends on kind of an abrupt note but I don't think there'll be any continuation for this story, not for a **really** long time at the very least. I'm editing Mafia AU and Maddie and I are getting in gear to start really working our way through Vampire AU, we've got a Ton of ideas and concepts for it so expect Plenty of Vampire Content at the very least!

If other people are inspired by this story and want to do their own versions or continuations feel absolutely more than free fam.

Works inspired by this one

[Chase the Day I Find My Happy Ending \(Keep On Running, Keep On Hoping I'll Find My Home\)](#) by [Huntress8611](#)

[\[Podfic\] The Lone Wolf and The Hermit](#) by [Da_Bees](#)

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